



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

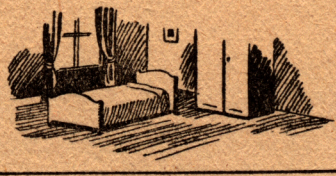





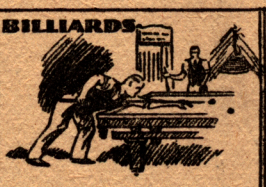
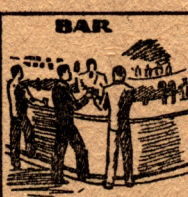


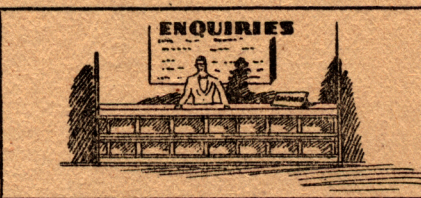

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 6. August, 1943.

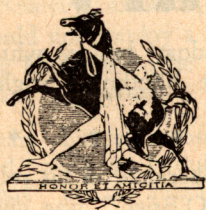




# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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Established 14th May,  
1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET  
SYDNEY



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**T**HIS month we will return to the subject of Service, not necessarily to read a lesson, but to keep an obligation in focus.

The real service is being rendered by the combatants and by those standing with them in the exposed places. All service, however, is vital and complementary. We all cannot contribute in large measure. Some of us, indeed, may be able to return very little for our snug security—for that's what it amounts to here on the home front, snug security.

None of us should be dwelling on a lead. We should go out after opportunity. The person who asks, "What may I do?" or "What more can I do?" is a humbug at heart.

Edith Cavell said before facing the German firing squad: "Patriotism is not enough." She implied that words without deeds were worthless. Some take refuge in words; the last resort of the quitter.

Tattersall's Club stands four square for service, and has its record to support that claim, because its members are 100 per cent. with the club in all its undertakings to aid war effort.

It's a proud record and will be held high, this record of service.



# The Club Man's Diary

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS. — 1st, Mr. S. J. Fox; 8th, Mr. G. Keighery; 9th, Mr. F. Lubrano; 14th, Messrs. S. Biber and E. K. White; 18th, Professor J. D. Stewart; 19th, Mr. A. F. Gay; 20th, Mr. H. H. McIntosh; 25th, Hon. A. Mair, M.L.A.; 26th, Mr. P. H. Goldstein; 30th, Mr. E. Hunter Bowman; 31st, Flying-Officer Emil Sodersteen.

\* \* \*

We 'phoned the Mater Misericordiae private hospital our greetings as a submission to Mr. Justice Herron who, at this writing, is serving a "sentence" of illness which had not the approval of the court of public goodwill. The court awarded his Honor substantial compensation in terms of fraternal good wishes and recommended his early release. Appeal upheld.

\* \* \*

The three sons and a daughter of Mr. W. A. McDonald have well earned the title of "The Fighting Macs" because of their unique family record of war service. Flying-Officer W. K. McDonald has served in England, Africa, Ceylon and Burma. Lieut. Colin McDonald is with the A.I.F. Radio Officer Douglas McDonald of the Merchant Navy was with the Malta convoy and was a howitzer gunner for five months. A.C.W. Joan McDonald is associated with the radio section of a battle station somewhere in Australia.

Father should be a very proud man; Mother, too, should be thrilled. We salute them and the gallant members of their family.

\* \* \*

What is a wonder, I wonder? If I am to regard it grammatically as a common noun, what is it doing under an adjectival alias in the columns of the daily press? We read frequently of a wonder horse, a wonder dog, a wonder kick (at goal); even in the usually conservative social sections of a wonder wrap. Wonders will never cease.

\* \* \*

Second in the running is "major" which, in recent times, has overtaken "miracle." A major offensive,

a major issue, a major contest; quite a variety of matters of major concern.

Usually, "miracle" struts solo, as in "a miracle finish" which enabled the favorite to land the money. Sometimes "miracle" is hitched to "major," as in the instance of comment from Canberra which insisted that a certain party could win a Senate majority only by a "major miracle."

Some of us had believed that a miracle admitted of no more qualification than a fact. But, as we read regularly in the press of "the true facts," why grumble over "major miracles"? Let us confess that in the matter of degrees we're not so hot.

\* \* \*

Recently I saw a heading, "Superbly Good Gallop"—but you can ride out that redundant fellow on your own account.

\* \* \*

Then, there is the aged stayer, "at about"—"the accident occurred at about 5 p.m.," and so forth. All the best newspapers stable this winner—the wonder horse which by a major miracle finishes at and about the same time.

\* \* \*

Let us not overlook the radio's pride, "very," and, more often than not, the high falutin' "hyphenate," "very-very"—"very, very delightful," "very, very especial."

\* \* \*

What is the reason for it all? I have heard it called snobbery—a shunning of the plain fellas among words in this bright new world of "brighter" writing and "brighter" programmes. Hence, the Boo-Boo stuff gets priority over Bach, and Mendelssohn is taken to town.

\* \* \*

Some of us standing for a little sanity—not to mention culture—may yet be forced underground, like the early Christians. Perhaps it won't be so stuffy there in that confinement as we are finding it here in

this freedom; besides which we escape the blinding "brightness" of above.

\* \* \*

J. F. Sheridan, in his role of "The Widow O'Brien," was given to exclaim as he was rocked about the liner in an Atlantic crossing: "It's sorry I am to be here, I am." More comfortable in his bed at Mater Misericordiae private hospital, but still irked by inactivity, our good friend Pat Kearns—officially Mr. Commissioner Kearns, of the Rural Bank—shares the sentiments of Sheridan. Inquiry elicited that he was well on the road to recovery; and that is great news to be sure.

\* \* \*

While "Lottery Row" was flourishing in Barrack Street, and a mug passed that way every minute, hard-heads did a brisk business in the sale of "lucky charms." Sydney stores still stock them. Among those believing that these charms are not without special virtue, I find apparently shrewd persons mingling with the borderline subjects. Shrewder ones cash in on their credulity, and I suspect that it should be almost as profitable a proposition as is tip-slinging by post.

For all that, I believe that there are definitely lucky people just as others "cannot do anything right," or can only get by sweat what some acquire by chance. In crises, things go right for some people and wrong for others; so much so that probably it would not be too much to claim that, to succeed substantially in life, you must be able to count on a fair share of luck.

Luck doesn't put you into things so much as it keeps you out of things and gets you out of things.

I cannot claim generally to have been unlucky—I write of the good fortune of having work to do—but I recall vital occasions in my life when an extra bit of luck might have made a world of difference. Perhaps it has happened with you.

\* \* \*

A business man with whom I had lunch in this club went so far as to say that ill-luck ran in families



and dogged people down the generations. Believing so much, he said that he would not employ a member of a family he knew to be afflicted with constant misfortune.

This man himself rose from scratch and, while he would claim rightly that merit carried him through mainly, I don't think he would disclaim that luck had been with him, too.

My philosophy is that you should count yourself lucky if you enjoy a reasonable share of luck. The extraordinarily lucky people are extraordinarily few. The reasonably lucky cannot expect to be lucky in all things some of the time, or in some things all of the time. You may be lucky in love, for example, and forfeit other compensations.

Perhaps Omar was right: "Take the cash in hand and waive the rest." You are going to be unlucky if you over-reach, if you "leave it to luck" and don't contribute on your own account mental and physical effort. If, as a further contribution, you want to carry a "lucky charm," it won't do any good, but it can't do any harm.

\* \* \*

*Among the things of which the Minister for Customs has prohibited the export, without his consent, is dichlorodifluomethane.*

\* \* \*

The other day a woman died — of a broken heart, I am sure. Her two sons had been killed in the Middle East operations. Mothers, we know, can endure; but this woman was a sensitive being. She added stress of mind to pain of heart, and was borne under by the strain.

I remember her. In the early nineteen-twenties the copy for the Leader page of a Sydney daily newspaper gravitated to my desk. The stuff was mostly dross. Offerings of gold were rare. When it's gold you get the feel of it in the first few lines, as in the first contribution from this woman.

Written in pencil on scraps of paper, written so thinly as to be almost illegible, the light flashed from

every facet of this literary gem, titled "Light," and addressed from an outback settlement.

I gave the article pride of place on the Leader page, and the toughest critics on the staff—even the soulless sub-editors — acknowledged "that woman can write."

Well, at my invitation, she went on writing; in due course produced novels. Her handicap was that she remained a woman of the hearth, docile and domesticated. The hard taskmistress, Literature, is not disposed to suffer a dual devotion on the part of any of her subjects. Literature favors the person who in slavish pre-occupation permits the milk to boil over and the roast to burn — even the husband to hunger.

However, the problem has been resolved for this woman, and the pity is that such gifts as she possessed cannot be willed as are assets less precious.

\* \* \*

An Italian company took part in the march of the nations through Sydney's streets at the celebrations in 1938. All clobbered up and humping rifles with bayonets, soon to be turned against us, their traditional friends, the Italians sweated copiously under the close conditions of the day. One of their countrymen in the crowd shouted in Italian what I took to be a greeting. An Italian near me translated it freely: "Could you keep one down?" The members of the company turned their eyes in the direction of the voice, and grinned.

\* \* \*

In peacetime, the Italians were excellent Soccer players and beat a crack English team. They were our Mother country's chief rivals in speed-flying contests for the Schneider Cup. They held their own at the Olympic Games, and at the international horse-jumping contests staged in England. As speed drivers in motor contests they had few equals. Several of their tennis players were in world class; so, too, were boxers of Italian parentage or descent.

However, the test of war proved that they had learned nothing of

the art of playing the game. When the going looked good, much to the anguish of decent members of their race settled among us, they ranged themselves alongside the barbarians. They find themselves now with the shield of British sportsmanship between them and destruction — if they are sane enough to accept its protection.

\* \* \*

We were talking of handsome men — we, a company of males. Some plumped for old stage favorites out of the past — Kyrle Bellew, Cuyler Hastings and Julius Knight. Others mentioned screen players. I spoke of a French officer of artillery who had gone through the hell of Verdun and who, in the mid-twenties, had sat beside me at a private dinner tendered to Borotra and his fellow tennisers on the occasion of their visiting Sydney.

This gentleman — I write the term advisedly — combined with his good looks the social graces. He was well-read and widely travelled. He possessed additionally the reserve of gentility.

I recited these virtues to the company of males, while not disparaging their choice, and commented: "handsome is who handsome does."

\* \* \*

Many of us have a distorted view of values. Behind a handsome facade is often an ugly ego. The skin depth of beauty is likely to provide an illusion of quality, like the glib tongue. All in all, the handsome men are those who act handsomely. Maybe, that goes for pretty women, too. The majority of the men and the women I best remember were rich in spiritual assets.

\* \* \*

When I was a small boy, our fish-o, who had been fish-oing for long years, could not call "fish-o." Wear and tear accounted for this incapacity. It doesn't happen always. For the past 30 years, to my knowledge, a newspaper vendor at one of Sydney's street-corners has been screeching "Sensational" — sensational fire, sensational accident, sensational news. Of course, he is

(Continued on Page 4.)



# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

only repeating what he has been taught. "Sensation" is the king word in all the newspaper offices and has defied deposition by the soberest of editors. "Shock," "alarm," and other arresting terms, are only so many Young Pretenders. The "Sensation" dynasty is as safe as that of the House of Windsor.

What puzzles me is that, reverting to cause and effect, as in the instance of the fish-o, more editors should not be physically incapable of writing the word "sensation." The only ones so handicapped are the dead.

Of course, this fish-o failure opens up terrifying possibilities. All the pet phrases of public speakers will disappear by degrees, and book-makers will not be able to call the shorter odds. Likewise, husbands making the same old excuse will find themselves inarticulate as, in ordinary circumstances, they are often incoherent.

\* \* \*

Having read my reference to Count Ciano in a previous issue, a reader asked to be informed of the relationship of the Count to Mussolini.

Writing from memory, I think Ciano was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Musso's daughter, Edda.

\* \* \*

For the 1928 Grand Opera season in Sydney the principal tenor was Merli, the Fat Boy of the company, and the principal baritone was the Cassius-like Granforte. Probably ranking next among the males was the handsome Minghetti, a companionable fellow. Nothing of the Fascist strutting, as Schipa showed us, about Minghetti. He had the voice and the soul of an artist. Merli, Granforte and he I would hate to believe had been corrupted by the royal gnome and the black-shirted parvenu. However, it is of Minghetti I have to tell you.

\* \* \*

During the season, which I attended as a newspaper representa-

tive, a little bird whispered me various precious items of news. One had to do with a temperamental flare-up, which I did not use for considerations of good taste and out of loyalty to my good friends the Tait brethren.

Another whisper disclosed the honeymoon nest of Toti and Lamonto—the latter a first-rate lover and a second-rate singer.

A third whisper hinted that one of the wives of the principal singers was shortly to have a baby. The little bird refused for some time to indicate which singer, but the more reticent the little bird became the more eloquent were my pleadings. . . . The mother-to-be was the wife of Minghetti.

\* \* \*

The story remained to be landed without waking up those representatives of other newspapers, male and female, whose mission was not to write the main notice, but to gather news. I suggested to the Editor that he should commission one of our trusted women writers to call on Mrs. Minghetti. "No," said the Editor, "this is a job for an understanding man. Go yourself." I asked: "Will I see Mr. or Mrs. Minghetti?" His parting shot was: "You're chasing the story."

I determined to call on Mr. Minghetti.

\* \* \*

Routing out the whereabouts of his flat, I gave him time to rise, bath, shave, have breakfast and run over his scales before making my call.

The door was opened by a good-looking blonde, certainly not an Italian, but I went ahead with my enquiry: "Is Signor Minghetti available?" After I had mentioned my name and the name of my newspaper she exclaimed: "I am his wife. He is out taking the air in an automobile. Won't you come in please?"

"You are American," I ventured. "Yes," she answered. That provided

me with the opening. I went on: "If you will pardon me, I should say that you, too, are a singer. You were studying in Italy when you met your husband?"

"Strange, but all you have said is true," she confessed. That was all very well, but I was no nearer to the line of my story. So I ventured: "As an American, do you, or did you at first, find the Italians strange — or perhaps I should not say that; put it this way, a little different?"

"Sure," she laughed. "Now consider this, I'm going to have a baby. . . ."

"Oh, congratulations," I broke in — and, before I could go any further with my compliments, in walked Signor Minghetti!

\* \* \*

Being a gentleman, he bowed and smiled in my direction as I rose awaiting introduction. He said he was happy to greet me, and made me feel so. Over a glass of wine he told me that he had been a sculptor before having been discovered as a singer.

All these pleasantries were appreciated — but what about my story! I had reached almost the bass notes of despair when Mrs. Minghetti reappeared. Prefacing her remarks to her husband with an affectionate form of address in Italian, she next addressed her husband in English: "I have told the Signor that we are expecting a baby soon." He smiled and told me how proud he felt about the coming event.

"If it's a boy," I said, "I hope you will include Sydney among its names." They said they would.

\* \* \*

The Queensland poet, Essex Evans, put it: "Life is mingled joy and pain made up of greeting and farewell." Mr. A. J. Matthews experienced the joy and suffered the pain in recent times. The arrival of a new son, the second, brought joy, and the passing of his brother, Sidney, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lena Matthews, caused pain. We trust that the welcome gain to the family will more than compensate for the losses as time softens the memory.



# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

## The Most Widely Played of All Sports

Continued activity in our billiard room is most pleasing to members who regard the green cloth as supplying the greatest indoor entertainment of all. One can profit handsomely at billiards or snooker because the fascination brings in its trail complete relaxation from everyday affairs apart from training in co-ordination of eye, mind and muscle plus concentration. It also develops poise, and sportsmanship reaches its highest point.

Actually the game of billiards is not difficult to play. Its basic principles are easily learned, but its problems are infinite. Chief ingredient, after preliminary stages, is a plentiful share of imagination which gets full play in a variety of problems which are ever recurring.

More men play billiards than any other game. Many of us have had a shot at most sports, but Anno Domini regulates the years we can indulge in football, cricket, etc. But, we can play billiards from tender years to the end of our time — and a great many do. Think of all your male friends and try and name one who at least has not played with cue and balls — perhaps very badly;

maybe only at odd moments, but a solid ninety-nine per cent. of our sex can tell you quite a heap of exploits in past years. No other game can boast anything like so vast a following. Further, it is universal. No matter where you go — Shanghai or Paris—Capetown or London — New York or Buenos Aires — you will find a billiard table on which to play and players with whom to play.

Such international popularity is no overnight craze. Billiards has been growing steadily in public favour for centuries.

The game was finally established in Europe in the 17th century. Louis XIV may have been a tyrant at ruling, as our history books would have us believe, but he certainly knew his billiards and saw to it that sufficient opponents were available each day. It has been written that Lord (Perfect Gentleman) Chesterfield once kept Samuel Johnson waiting an interminable period in his ante-room, pending an important meeting. The oversight was probably the result of concentration on the part of the knight who was securing just that relaxation essential to a well-balanced mind.

In far-off days billiards was an expensive pastime and reserved almost entirely to kings and nobility. These days, however, anyone can play and no equipment is required — no special clothing and no preparation. Everything is furnished for the modest playing fee.

Viewed from any angle billiards gives amusement, thrills, exercise and friendly atmosphere in any kind of weather.

Whilst all that has been written has referred to billiards, it is taken for granted that the reader will embrace snooker into the scheme of things because the two games have so much in common.

Four-handed snooker is one of the most popular pastimes of our billiard room, and interest is shown equally by players and lookers-on.

When the more serious task of disposing of Hitler and Company has been disposed we will doubtless return to annual tournaments in which all who wish may come together in friendly combat. That is something to which we may look forward, and let's hope the day is not far distant.

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# RACING FIXTURES

AUGUST — DECEMBER, 1943

## AUGUST.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 7th  
 Moorefield . . . . . Saturday, 14th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 21st  
 Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 28th

## SEPTEMBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 4th  
**Tattersall's Club . . . . Saturday, 11th**  
 Rosehill . . . . . Saturday, 18th  
 Hawkesbury . . . . . Saturday, 25th

## OCTOBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 2nd  
 A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 9th

## OCTOBER—(Continued).

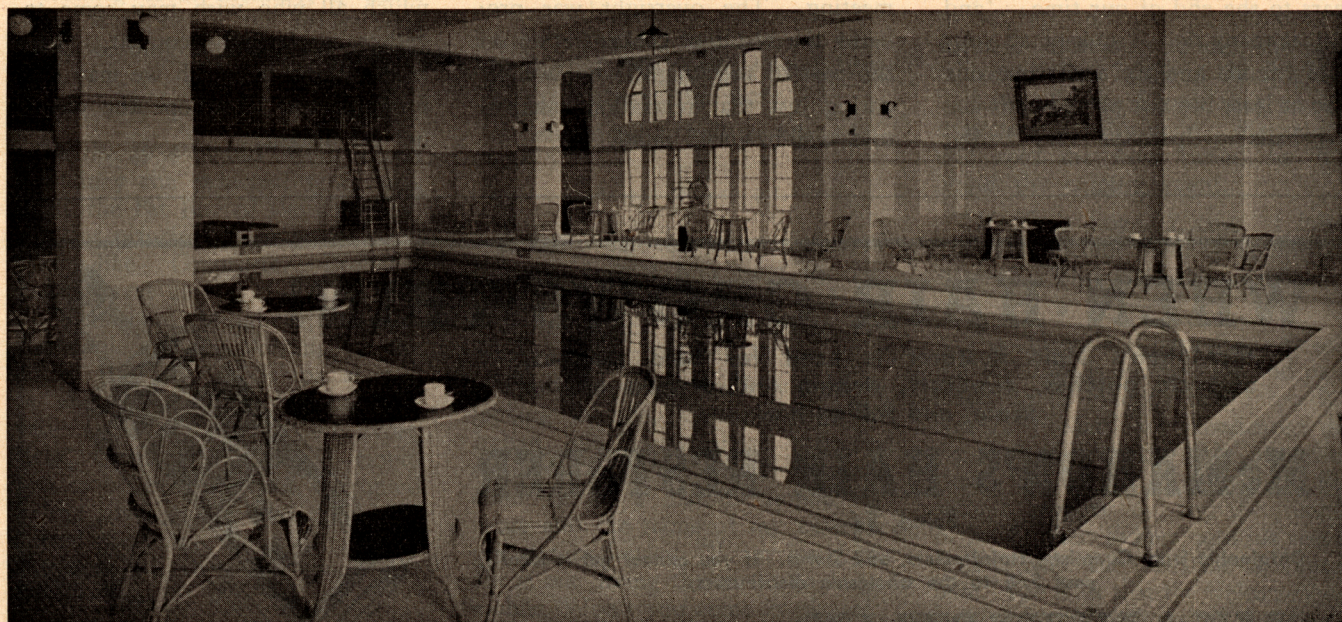
A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 16th  
 A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 23rd  
 City Tattersall's Club . . Saturday, 30th

## NOVEMBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 6th  
 Rosehill . . . . . Saturday, 13th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

## DECEMBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 4th  
 A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 11th  
 A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 18th  
 No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th



The Club Swimming Pool.



# THE ANGLES OF SPORT

## Racing Booms: Patrons Walk

Organised sport in U.S.A. has developed acute war angles, some sharp edges of which are becoming pronounced according to columnist Grantland Rice.

Transport problems, inflation betting, and threats of Governmental control are not the least of the many problems besetting executives of all branches of sport.

A number of non-combatants can't understand why racing has come in for such a boom and why so much money is bet at various tracks, writes Rice. This is simple enough. As a starter there is something like twelve billion extra dollars loose around the map, with many spending outlets under a blockade.

For one example, you see few people buying cars to-day.

In the second instance, there is a greater demand for quick action on the side of thrills, which to many only a bet can satisfy.

Belmont exceeded the million dollar mark, and even with the big crowds that once travelled to Santa Anita, a 700,000 dollar daily average was considered on the high side.

You can understand how strong the fever gets to be when so many thousands are willing to walk so far in order to buck 11 or 12 per cent.

### *Sport Can Take It.*

Sport, being a large part of a large section of the human race, may need a number of changes and improvements. So does the human race. But one thing sport doesn't need is a sport co-ordinator or any set of sport co-ordinators working in or from Washington.

Sport can take its share of punishment — but there is still a limit.

Sport, left under its present guidance and direction will be far better off than it could ever hope to be under Government direction. Con-

sidering the amateur and professional side, sport still has experienced administrators.

There is no perfect human being in this long list. But it should be remembered that there is no part of a perfect human being in the world we know to-day.

Sport would be far better off, for the game itself and everyone concerned, which includes many, many millions, if Washington would let it work out its own destiny with the war effort, naturally, the predominant point.

If those now in charge of various sports, with their long experience, can't handle the problems that wait ahead, then sport hasn't a chance.

Many of these have made mistakes. But those criticising them might have made even bigger mistakes.

This is no world in which to seek perfection, and it is my belief that most of those directing sport have turned in a pretty fair job. Not a masterpiece, just a pretty good job.

They have certainly turned in a much finer job than any set of co-ordinators, working in the grip of a Washington bureaucratic group could ever hope to do—no matter what men were picked.

### *Softer or Tougher?*

Is the spectator section of sport getting softer or tougher? Strangely enough there are only two real tests on the spectator side — golf and racing. In all other sports, the spectator locates a comfortable seat and lets the hired man do all the work.

In golf, the spectator has always known a harder job than the player. For the spectator in golf has to race, run, jump ditches and climb fences for six or seven miles to see a few shots played. The spectator at a

major golf tournament could always use an alpenstock or a vaulting pole.

Lately, in racing, the mutual-minded multitude has had to walk from one to two miles in order to buck 12 per cent., which proves that he is the hardier of the breed.

As Colonel Edward Bradley said to me a year or two ago: "I did all right at four and five per cent. on my side. Imagine what I'd have done with ten or twelve per cent." I have no such imagination.

But the modern racing crowd is still a flock of physical pikers compared to the old guard. If you don't believe this, ask John Partridge, one of the best of our racing trainers, owners and philosophers. He was around when the going was really packed with snarls.

"I have to smile just a little," Partridge told me, "when I hear complaints from racing fans who have to walk a mile or two to see a race. I'd like to take these people back just a few years—maybe thirty or more.

"We would walk 18 miles to the closest track, being away from home from daybreak to midnight. Spectators were faced with the same."

This helps to explain the crowds that are coming to different race tracks every day against the expected and necessary handicaps. It goes a long way back, and the rougher going belongs to the middle and the far west, to the cowboy sections, where they like horses, where they like to ride and gamble. It all goes back to frontier stuff. These modern racing conditions are on the soft side. Walking seven furlongs? In golf that's only three holes. We'll soon have the spectators in better shape than the horses. They would be in still better shape if they had to walk ten or fifteen miles.



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

## SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

# SATURDAY, 11th SEPT., 1943

### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £350 added. Second horse £70, and third horse £35 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **ONE MILE.**

### THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

### THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

### THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age, with Penalties and Allowances, for Horses three-years-old and upwards.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed; three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. **ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.**

### THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.**

### THE TRIAL HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £350 added. Second horse £70, and third horse £35 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

### THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

ENTRIES for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 p.m., on

### MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1943.

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Saturday, 4th September, 1943.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz., When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision shall be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.



# Racehorses and Their Origin

## Traced Back 250 Years

One vital problem faces the keeper of the Stud Book in England when world hostilities cease, tracking down thoroughbred stock of the best type swallowed up by the over-running of Europe by the Nazi hordes.

Sufficient news has trickled through from occupied Europe to reveal that Von Ribbentrop alone acquired some of the best horses after the fall of France.

Djebel, who was the most likely three-year-old of his year, disappeared into the blue when France became temporarily a German province.

From earliest days the stud-book authorities jealously have guarded the purity of breeding lines, and even some of the bluebloods of America have not been accepted, because of some obscurity or irregularity breaking the sequence of their pedigrees.

The ancestry of thoroughbreds is traced back farther than 90 per cent. of the human race, and it is an enforced fact that no Derby winner can have a blemished record. If ineligible for inclusion in the *Darley* of the turf he automatically is barred from any classic event.

Prior to the outbreak of world hostilities there were more than 100,000 thoroughbred horses registered by keepers of stud-books despite the close and careful surveillance of all family lines.

Yet they were all descended from 3 horses imported into England more than 200 years ago from countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea, no longer "mare nostrum."

The founders of the thoroughbred horse as known to-day in order were The Byerley Turk, The Darley Arabian, and The Godolphin Arabian.

First on the list was The Byerley Turk, a black charger ridden by a Captain Byerley in the wars of King William in 1689/90. It is presumed that he was taken from a Turkish owner at the siege of Buda in 1686. If this is correct, he outlived two wars to become the founder of a race of warriors who have done battle on the turf for over two and a half centuries.

The Byerley Turk led The Darley Arabian by 20 years. The latter has no battle background in his story although he, too, could have been a charger of high rank. Rather he almost was merchandise, for in 1706 he was sent from Aleppo, in Asia Minor, by Thomas Darley to his brother John Brewster Darley. The ship's manifest described The Darley Arabian as "a bay, about 15 hands, of the most esteemed race among Arabs, through his sire and dam." His Arabian name was Manicka, but he became Anglicised and 75 per cent. of to-day's racehorses are descended from him "in tail male" or through paternal lines.

Legend abounds concerning the third founder of the thoroughbred The Godolphin Arabian or Barb. His origin is wrapped in mystery, for it is suspected that at some early stage of his career he was stolen. Also, it was said that he drew a water cart round the streets of Paris, but this colourful picture lacks confirmation. However, he was bought for £3 and sent to England to be presented to the Earl of Godolphin. He was the sire of great stock, and the fame of his progeny was so great that after his death in 1753 he was buried with honour at the foot of the hills over which he had triumphed as lord of the harem.

From the patriarchs come three pillars of the stud — Matchem, Herod, and Eclipse.

Matchem was a bay horse foaled in 1748, a grandson of The Godolphin Arabian. He was not an early comer, for he did not race until he was a five-year-old and was still running in his ninth year.

Stallions had to be tough in those good old days. It is on the records that his owner was paid £20 on one occasion not to run him. Money values also were different then.

Herod came along in 1758, a great-great-grandson of The Byerley Turk. He was unbeaten in his first three seasons on the turf, and his name was perpetuated by his sons and daughters.

Highflyer was his greatest son, who never failed to fulfil an engagement and who was never beaten.

Herod's grandson Diomed by Florizel won the first Derby in 1780 in a field of nine runners. Diomed was exported to America in his declining years, yet was one of the founders of the family of the thoroughbred horse in U.S.A.

Many stories surround Eclipse, the chestnut horse foaled in 1764, whose influence has been great through all the records of racing and breeding.

On April 1, 1764, part of England was darkened by an eclipse of the sun, and during that period the Duke of Cumberland's mare Spilletta foaled a chestnut colt. He was the great-great-grandson of The Darley Arabian and he was named Eclipse.

The Duke did not live to see the result of his quick-thinking, and all his horses, including Eclipse, came under the hammer.

Eclipse was sold for 70 guineas, but the sale was challenged by a sheep salesman, one Wildman, who claimed that the sale had started before the advertised time. He demanded that the horses be auctioned again, won his argument, and secured Eclipse for 75 guineas. Later he agreed to share the ownership of the horse with Mr. Denis O'Kelley.

Apparently Eclipse did not race and win until 1769, and so easily did he succeed that O'Kelley's summing-up of future races was "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere."

Probably there was some connection with the owner of the second Derby in 1781, for the record shows the winner as Mr. O'Kelley's Y. Eclipse by Eclipse. Apparently registrars of names were not so fussy in those good old days.

Eclipse had an unbeaten record and, in fact, would not be beaten. He is described as a horse with an ungovernable temper and would not permit any horse to be in front of him.

(Continued on Page 15.)



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# THE NIGHT FIGHTER

## The Men and Their Machines

*Described by Lawrence Scott*

When the noise of gunfire dies down during a "blitz," the night air often seems full of the heavy, reverberating roar of bombers' engines. "The sky must be full of them," thinks the man in the street. "Can't imagine why they don't get more down." Then there may be heard the sharp rattle of machine-guns (like a boy running a stick over an iron fence), or the slower "plop-plop" of cannon-fire, and the man in the street is comforted to realise that the raiders are not the only inhabitants of the upper air. Our night fighters have indeed grown to be one of our most potent defenders against the Luftwaffe. While bags of four raiders in a night, such as that made by one pilot in a recent London raid, are naturally rare, the average is high, and the grand total is very impressive. The County of Middlesex Squadron alone had got its score of night victories up to about seventy last autumn and must be well ahead by now.

Night fighting needs a highly specialised technique, and it naturally took us some time to learn the tricks of the trade. It needs a special temperament, too—a good day-fighter pilot may be quite unsuited for night work, and, though a bomber is, relatively speaking, easy prey, night fighting is risky work, not only in training, but also in actual "ops."

When we commenced night fighting, in the winter of 1940, we had to rely mainly on ordinary day fighters—the Spitfire and Hurricane. Though these are still used, the single-engine machine is not ideal for night work—the pilot sits behind 10 ft. or so of engine, and has to peer through the dazzling propeller-disc, as well as the glare of the exhausts. Two-engined machines are much better—the pilot has a much clearer view, with the engines well out of his way in the

wings; there is usually at least one other airman aboard to assist in spotting, and the larger machine can carry more ammunition, can stay up longer, and is easier to land and take-off in the dark.

The Bristol Blenheim and the Douglas Havoc were two of the earlier twin-engine fighters. The early Blenheim could do about 295 m.p.h., and mounted four machine-guns firing forward. It was not really a very adequate match for the medium German bombers, which were only a few miles an hour slower. The Havoc was a special version of the Boston bomber and is still in service as a night "intruder," for which its endurance of 1,200 miles makes it very suitable. It packed a powerful armament in its nose, now probably heavier still.

But it was not until the Blenheim was given bigger engines and more guns and re-christened the Beaufighter that we really began to get the whip-hand in night-fighting. The latest Beaufighter is the night-bomber's nightmare. Its two Merlin engines give it a speed of 330 m.p.h. Its armament is usually four cannon in the nose and six machine-guns in the wings. These are the machines used by the celebrated night-fighter squadron. Firing all guns, it has the stupendous rate of fire of 9,000 rounds (cannon plus .303) a minute, equal to about 765 lb. a minute. The cannon being in the nose, the observer (who also acts as navigator) can reload them in flight. The old bugbear of the single-engine fighter—ammunition running out in the middle of a patrol—is thus avoided.

The Westland Whirlwind is also used as an intruder. Though a twin-engine machine, it is only a single-

seater, but its four cannon guns give it a fire rate of 2,400 rounds a minute, equal to about 600 lb. a minute.

Most night actions are fought at close quarters, the pilot's ideal being a short range and a longish burst—once you lose contact in the dark, you may never regain it. Therefore, use your superior speed to get the bomber filling your sights, and your heavy armament to make sure of wrecking him with one single, terrific burst. That is the recipe of the night fighter squadrons, and it is proven by results.

So much for the machines—what of the men? All volunteers, they are men with a natural flair for the peculiar difficulties and delights of night fighting. They live and work under a special regime, designed to produce the utmost fitness—mental and physical—for the job. Their diet is designed to include special quantities of Vitamin A and other constituents known to influence night vision and dark adaptation. While awaiting a "customer" in their dispersal huts round the aerodrome at night, they may either wear darkened lenses, or have subdued lighting to preserve their "dark adaptation."

They have special oxygen equipment in their machines, and commence to use it at much lower levels than is normal in day fighting, for a poor oxygen level in the blood is a potent factor in reducing night vision. Encounters with the enemy may result from sheer chance, or from our pilots own observations, or by the results of radio-location plots radioed to the fighters from the ground. How much we have progressed in this direction recently—for not all may be disclosed, by a long way—we shall both see and hear for ourselves if the Luftwaffe attempts to revive the Battle of Britain by night.



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# AT THE DINNER TABLE

It is a sad fact that the sight of others in the act of eating is apt to get on one's nerves. The secret of manners is what I call Invisible Eating. It is a matter of disguising the process. Anything which advertises your eating, displays it, emphasises it, is objectionable. I once asked a child how she knew a person she had met at dinner was used to refinement. "Oh," she said, "he seemed to be just talking and having a good time. And yet his plate was nearly empty when they took it away."

Let us approach that dangerous place, the Dinner Table. Poise—refraining from useless or impulsive motion—is the hallmark of the gentleman or lady. A person who cannot control his hands is not at ease mentally. The napkin should be placed partly folded in the lap, not spread out by much under-cover work. Fortunately, not often any more do we see a man tuck a huge napkin into his neck as if he were in a barber shop.

Most faults at table are due simply to conspicuous, awkward and unnecessary gestures. When the soup plate is inclined while the diner avidly pursues the last precious drops, we have a phenomenon that might be called Usury. A Usurer, you know, takes too much interest. He is closely related to the Mulcher, who seizes a slab of bread and, like a mason applying mortar to a brick wall, smears the entire surface with butter. A fragment of bread, dabbed with butter, may be swallowed almost unnoticed.

And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a knife, Louis XIV. or Charles I., all but swallowed it without reproach. There was a time when great kings and lovely queens whose names thrill you dipped into dishes with their hands; and they bit, gnawed, chewed, and licked their fingers and spat out what they didn't like. No plates, no forks, no napkins. Only your own hunting knife. But we have come a long way in the social graces, and if you even touch a knife with your lips, your hostess will think you are from Patagonia. But don't, I beg of

you, go to the other extreme and try to be super-refined by using the Lancet Knife—one delicately held as if by an expensive surgeon while removing your vermiform appendix, or as a poet uses a pen in writing a sonnet.

Vegicide, the wanton cutting of the innocent, tender leaves of lettuce with a knife, is a form of mayhem. You can almost hear the salad squeak in agony. While it is now allowed by some authorities, cutting any vegetable with anything but a fork seems an outrage to the finer sensibilities:

I hope, my dear, you've never tried  
The awful crime of Vegicide;  
For cultured persons in New York,  
They cut potatoes with a fork.

The fork, which changed eating into dining, did not come into popular use until the middle of the 18th century. Many persons are afraid to use it with the left hand in raising food to the mouth, but Emily Post and most English gentlefolk consider that practice quite correct. Zigzag eating, the continual shifting of the fork after cutting meat from the left to the right hand with a sort of sleight-of-hand effect, undoubtedly comes from the old-fashioned aversion to left-handedness.

A peculiarly American technique with the fork is that elaborate arrangement of the digits known as the Banjo Grip. The thumb, ring, and little fingers are held underneath the handle, while the fore and middle fingers are clamped on top. It is a difficult feat and yet almost any coal heaver seems to do it skillfully.

Good manners proceed primarily from good sense. Surely anything that is eaten from the hand may be taken from the plate with the hand. Therefore well-bred persons pick up olives with their fingers if they wish, even when tongs are provided.

Let us now examine the spoon. Stir up your tea with it one minute too long, too eagerly, and you'll never understand why she said No. The Front Entrance style—inserting the

point of the spoon into the mouth, as many Americans and all Europeans do—is all right when giving little Johnnie cod-liver oil, but at the table it involves a semi-circular motion apt to feature the elbow. Well-bred eaters also follow my Good rule for eating soup:

Like little boats that put to sea,  
I push my spoon AWAY from me.

The first thing you do at dinner if you are 100 per cent. Patagonian is to employ the Touch System. You touch the knife. You jiggle the fork and move the salt cellar about the table and mark on the cloth with your spoon while you talk. Or you apply the Bust Hug to a drinking glass, ignoring the stem and leaving enough fingerprints to convict you of the crime.

The next thing you do, if you are not on your guard, is to rest your elbows on the table. When the elbows are so anchored, the hands cannot be idle.

First, they Pray. This is done by clasping the hands, and in lacing the fingers like a baby saying "Now I Lay Me." A more elderly form is with the tips of the fingers touching lightly. Next comes the Washing: hands are rubbed together as if with invisible soap. And after the Washing, Ironing. The palms are rubbed back and forth while the eyes assume a pensive, upward, far-away look. And finally, if the elbows are still on the table, comes Face Feeling in all its branches. The ear is pulled, the neck is stroked, the cheeks, and perhaps even the hair.

Elbow Eating engenders other faults. Lizzie-Lick-the-Spoon is a damsel who takes a heaping spoonful of ice cream. In and out that spoon will go, while she licks off a little every time. There's also the Cup Cuddler. She rests her elbows on the table and holds her cup with both hands at the level of her mouth. She sips and sips while gossiping of her husbands or servants.

Let us pass lightly with a smile the lady of the Divorced Digit. That  
(Continued on Page 15.)



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# RACE RIDING

## Man in the Stand Is Not Best Judge

By Freddie Fox, former Champion Jockey, Twice Winner of the Derby.

"Judgment of pace" is a phrase often heard. This may not be clearly understood by the majority of racegoers, but is one of the leading characteristics in a jockey's make-up.

The ideal is such that his mount is tired when the winning-post is reached, or, in other words, that the horse has run the distance of the race throughout at the best pace of which he is capable.

Granted everything is correct in point of physical fitness, distance capacity, etc., if he tires earlier, either the pace has been too fast in the early part, or the obvious truth comes out—that he is not good enough at the weights.

On the other hand, should he finish full of running, insufficient use has been made of him, or, as is sometimes the case, he is a "one pacer," hasn't a "best distance," and is one of the most difficult animals with which to win a race of any kind.

A golden rule—so far as rules can be made—was expounded to me by one of the "old 'uns" when I was a kid. "If," he said, "you think they are going too fast in a long race, give 'em all the 'rope' you like, but if the opposite, lie up!"

The truth of this becomes apparent when you realise that a slow pace in the early part may cut the racing by about half—and you can't concede starts over five furlongs!

### Lazy Horses Best Stayers.

Recently I mentioned horses inclining to run "over-free" as a "failing." In nine cases out of ten it is the lazy horse that is likely to stay best. An old truism in racing is that "when a free-runner has done pulling, he's done going."

A horse can often be held in a following position; but unless he can be induced to settle down, contented to stay where he is for some distance, however slow the pace may be, he will be doing his best just the same. No amount of urging can produce any improvement in the place that matters most—the end nearest the winning post!

I have heard many times criticisms of jockeys sitting still, in front perhaps, a furlong from home. "Why doesn't he come on about his business?" is a common question.

But the jockey probably knows what the critic does not—that if he makes a move he is finished. With still a furlong to go to the winning post he might just last home by sitting still till he could, as it were, reach out and grab it!

Many animals will settle down behind others, but will continue to pull hard in front, especially with others moving up on either side, but only the most hopeless dunce—in spite of the many foolish things some horses will do—will gallop into a wall of horses' quarters in front.

All these matters of "position," it must be remembered, depend to a large extent on the pace at which the race is being run.

## Racehorses and Their Origin

(Continued from Page 9.)

His owners for all their enthusiasm soon ran out of bookmakers. He won so many races that they could find no takers for their wagers. Finally they had to bet that Eclipse would "distance" his rivals, the margin agreed on being sixty yards to the mile. What a horse!

In those pre-mechanical days when horses were horses he even inspired the following:—

*Eclipse, all nags, compared with thee,  
Excite contempt and laughter;  
There never was a horse,  
I do believe so much run after.*

So competition has been kept alive right to the present day in all corners of the world where owners believe they have a better horse than their neighbour. The testing ground is the racecourse, yet when all is considered, the fields as made up to-day all trace back to the Arab stock which thrived, prospered and improved on the green fields of England.

## At the Dinner Table

(Continued from Page 13.)

little finger of hers, extended so self-consciously, is an airy attempt at elegance. "See that finger," she seems to say, "ain't I stylish?"

Eating is an Art, not an Industry. But there are many faults in table manners that make the eater appear more like a machine than a lady or gentleman. My grandmother had a horror of what she called Loading. A piece of meat is stabbed with the fork, then with the knife a little potato is added to the load, a little turnip, and the whole neatly smoothed over and hoisted to the mouth like a hodful of plaster going up a ladder.

Along the same line is the Dog's Dinner: the eater cuts up all the meat on his plate into tidy mouthfuls, carefully salts his string beans, neatly butters a whole potato, and spreads gravy gloriously over all.

There are many other mechanical crudities we have all seen. The Table Ostrich raises a curtain of mock modesty and behind a large napkin hides an elaborate picking of the teeth. Worse still is the Home Dentist, who chases the tongue around the teeth with contemplative thoroughness. And then at last that delightful capture of an elusive raspberry seed.

All these come from persons who do not realise that eating is a game of skill. It is as a game of skill, I think, that it should be taught to children. If they understand, they will see the reason for correct technique and take the same pride they do in writing, skating or basketball.

In this game, Art must triumph over Appetite. We must learn to master the art of consideration, remembering the Golden Rule of Eating: Don't do anything you dislike to see others do. Indeed, the basic theory of all everyday etiquette is really ethical. It ordains that one's own comfort should be secondary to that of others. Bad manners simply indicate that you care a good deal more for the food than for the society at the table. And you show it.



# Human Urge to Gamble

## Despite Despots and Dreamers

To gamble is human, to win divine could be a revised version of the old proverb.

Research shows that from the beginning of time, the human urge to gamble has survived, despite every attempt to suppress or eliminate by despot or dreamer.

It is often said that boredom is the cause of gambling, and it is a view I subscribe to personally (writes "Observer" in "Horse and Hound").

I find that Tacitus is on record that the Germanic tribes which proved such a thorn in the side of Ancient Rome—and history is repeating itself!—entered so heartily into the spirit of the thing that they frequently staked their own persons, the loser becoming the property of the winner. Going even further back, Herodotus observes with his usual portentousness that a King of Egypt gambled with Demeter in the infernal regions; while Plutarch tells of Hermes gambling with the moon.

The Ancient Greek hero, Parroclus, on the authority of Homer, lost his temper badly over dice, and Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus, once gambled with her King for a slave.

The Chinese are said to be the most fervent gamblers of any race, and the American negroes were the apostles of the gentle art of "rolling the bones." The mildly eccentric Roman Emperor Claudius—whose life Mr. Robert Graves so vividly portrayed in two books—wrote a solemn treatise on the science of gaming, which was satirised by Seneca, who expressed the biased opinion that the Emperor would be condemned in Hell to play dice for ever with a bottomless box.

Various Governments and regimes have attempted to prevent gambling, and Alphonso of Castile founded an order of chivalry in which it was strictly prohibited, but his efforts proved useless. I think it was during the reign of Louis XIV. in France that a Scotsman, one John Law, proposed forming a public bank for gambling purposes with a view to restoring public finance.

In Great Britain Richard II. and Henry VIII. issued edicts against games in general, due, no doubt, to

a desire to foster the sport of archery; and quoits, bowls and cudgel-playing remained illegal until 1845. George II., attempting to discourage high stakes, made it an offence to lose between 10/- and 20/- within twenty-four hours, and under George III. all gambling was forbidden in the Royal Palace. Famous of all the gamblers stands Charles James Fox, the brilliant but ugly politician, of whom it was rhymed:—

"If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,

Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.

He has met, I'm afraid, so many hard knocks,

That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox.

And he always must lose, for the strongest of locks,

Cannot keep any money for this Mr. Fox."

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The following extract is from the "General Advertiser" of August 9, 1744: "At the last Assizes, held in and for the county of Northumberland, the following presentment was made by the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury—We, the Grand Jury, impanelled and sworn at the Assizes, of General Gaol Delivery, held at the Castle of Newcastle upon Tyne, in and for the county of Northumberland, on Monday, the 23rd day of July, in the 18th year of his present Majesty, finding by experience that good and salutary Law, to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of horse races, has not so far taken place, but that several advertisements have been printed and dispersed, as well as in this county, as in other neighbourhoods, inviting and seducing (among others) the inhabitants of this county to horse races in divers parts of this county, for such plates and prizes as are inhibited by the said Act of Parliament and contrary to the Law which together with the practice of cock-fighting (now so much in use) tend greatly to the encouragement of idleness, and the impoverishment of many of the meaner sort of people, and ought therefore (as much as may be) to be restrained and prevented by putting the laws in execution which (among other things) has been recommended to us by the Hon. Charles Clarke, Esq., one of the barons of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer and one of His Majesty's Judges assigned to keep the said Assizes in his learned charge. We do therefore present all and every Contrivers and Promoters of such illegal practice and diversion as encouragers of idleness and debauchery and do desire that the laws may be put into force so as to restrain and put an end to such practices for the times to come. The above named Grand Jury have given directions to Mr. George Cuthbertson, Dep. Clerk of the Peace for the said county, to prosecute at their expense all and every person or persons offending against this said Statute."

However, despite this ponderous pronouncement, and the blitz of 1940, the continuity of the five classics of England has not been interrupted even if the conditions and venue have been changed.



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## GUNNEDAH—On the Liverpool Plains

ON the Liverpool Plains, just clear of a line of hills, which form part of a spur of foothills of the Liverpool Range, is situated the town of Gunnedah nearby which the Mooki River junctions with the Namoi. Gunnedah, is nearly 900 feet above sea level, and although the summer months are hot, the highest rainfall is recorded in this season. The district is pastoral, agricultural and mineral in its resources, and in this pleasant, undulating district is some of the finest fattening country in the State.

In 1818 John Oxley and his party crossed the Warrumbungle Range to the south west of Gunnedah and headed eastward to the coast, eventually arriving at Port Macquarie, and so Oxley was the first white man to see the Liverpool Plains.

Alan Cunningham, discoverer of the Darling Downs, was the next to set foot in the district. Travelling from the Upper Hunter in 1827, he passed a little east of Gunnedah on his way north through the Manilla Valley. Then, in 1831, came Major Thomas Mitchell, in search of the Kindur River, which the runaway convict, George Clarke, claimed to have discovered to the north of the Liverpool Plains. Reaching Peel River, about where Oxley had crossed it, he continued down the stream, fording it somewhere near Carroll Gap, and passing what is called Gunnedah on the north side of the river, reaching the Namoi River on 16th December, 1831, near where Boggabri now stands.

The first settlers on the Liverpool Plains arrived soon after the explorers. John Johnstone, in the late '30's established a sheep run comprising the site of Gunnedah—he built a woolshed and homestead just below the junction of the Mooki Creek with the Namoi River. Here it was that settlers and bullock drivers headed for the newly opened country round the Namoi, Barwon and Gwydir Rivers.

Other early settlers in the district were John Howe, whose run was known as "Carroll," Edward Sumner on "Wandoobar" run and Thomas Parnell. The name of Gunnedah has an aboriginal origin, meaning, so it is said, "the place of the white stone," although at one time it was believed to be derived from "Goonoo-dha" which meant a poor or destitute man.

Mr. Johnstone's woolshed or "Bulomin" came to be known as "Gunnedah" and this river crossing became a camping place, which as traffic increased grew into a tiny settlement. On 21st November, 1854, the Crown Commissioner forwarded a petition from the proprietors of land and stock residing near "The Woolshed" praying that the land be thrown open for public competition, it being a fit and proper place for a township. As a result, Surveyor Hide was instructed to measure and lay out a town reserve. Owing to heavy rain which in 1856 flooded the

northern bank of the river, the proposal of forming a town on that site was abandoned and the plan for South Gunnedah modified to become the basis of the town of to-day.

In laying out the township, Mr. Surveyor Hide departed from the usual arrangement of streets, so that the present line of road was preserved and the building allotments placed on the highest ground. The Surveyor remarked that Gunnedah possessed many natural advantages, such as permanent water, a good ford, and rich alluvial lands admirably adapted for farms and agricultural purposes, being situated on a principal line of road and easily accessible from various quarters. The first sales of town land took place at Tamworth in July and November, 1857, when Maitland Street lots and small blocks along the river were sold. The highest price paid for a Maitland Street half-acre lot was £42.10.0—by Andrew Thomson for a block on the corner of Maitland and Elgin Streets and the price paid for river land varied from £2 to £4 an acre.

The name of the Post Office was shown as the woolshed in 1856, but three years later it was changed to Gunnedah, although the town of Gunnedah had been gazetted in 1856. Although it was originally intended, from the first sale of town allotments that Maitland Street should be the main street, owing to the danger of floods, Conadilly Street eventually was chosen. About 1864 Robert J. Nowland started the first coach service—carrying mails and passengers—between the railhead at Murrurundi and Narrabri; before that time travellers either used horseback or rode in bullock drays; indeed many of the pioneer families "footed it" all the way from Maitland, walking beside the bullock drays containing their household effects.

The next event in importance to Gunnedah was the coming of the railway. The line from Newcastle to Werris Creek was extended and officially opened on 11th September 1879. In those days, trains did not run through to Sydney, and passengers from Gunnedah travelled to Newcastle by train and thence by boat to Sydney. The time of the journey from Gunnedah to Newcastle was 10 hours 20 minutes, and from Newcastle to Gunnedah 9 hours 35 minutes; one passenger train ran each way daily.

Through the railway Gunnedah became the centre of the north-west. All classes of business flourished—particularly blacksmiths, coachbuilders, saddlers' shops and hotels—and in 1880 Gunnedah was the terminus of the whole of the north-western wool country. However, with the extension of the railway to Boggabri and Narrabri west in 1882, this temporary importance diminished somewhat.

Following a petition signed by 109 persons, Gunnedah was gazetted a municipality on 19th September, 1885. The first election took place in the following November and the first Mayor was the inn-keeper, Thomas Breen.

Owing to difficulties of obtaining water during dry periods, in 1892 a well was put down and a steam pump and 4,500 gallon iron storage tank erected, which supply was available to the public from 1893 until the opening of the present reticulated system in 1908. To-day Gunnedah can boast of having one of the best water supplies in any country town.

The first street lights in 1891 were four kerosene lamps. However, in 1908, the first electricity supply works were installed and shortly afterwards, the council introduced electric light in the streets.

Gunnedah, at first was entirely pastoral in its outlook; then in the 1870's the first crop of wheat was planted with success, but although both wheat and oats grew luxuriantly there, it was not until the 1890's that agriculture became definitely established.

However, not only on those products has Gunnedah relied, for coal has been found in the district, in such quantity that in 1900, the Gunnedah Coal Coy. was formed; over one million tons of coal have been won from this mine and the supply is said to be inexhaustible.

And so is Gunnedah pastoral, agricultural and mineral in its resources, possessing, in addition, some of the finest fattening country in the State.

The district embraces rich alluvial river flats, which grow lucerne to perfection; beautiful black soil plains, which produce the best of natural grasses; a wonderful variety of herbage and a large area of red soil with clay sub-soil, which grows wheat equal to the best in the Commonwealth.

The district also supports hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle, in addition to dairy cows and pigs.

There are also successful and flourishing secondary industries in Gunnedah as instanced in flour mills, saw mills and freezing works and other commercial enterprises.

With its fine newspaper, the "Gunnedah Independent and Advertiser" established over 60 years ago, its radio station, its domestic comfort and civic progress, Gunnedah richly deserves the glowing future to which its rapid growth in the past furnishes the prospect.

With its wonderful soil, its coal measure and unlimited water supply, Gunnedah promises to become one of the most thriving populaces and successful business, cultural and social centres in the north-west.



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